

## TO THE LIBERTY BELL

*Millay, Edna St. Vincent, 1892-1950*

Toll, toll,  
O cracked and venerable!  
Start swinging suddenly  
And speak  
Upon this jiggling air.

Tell us of a day when men stood up in meeting  
And spoke of God,  
And nobody laughed.

Toll, toll.

They say we have no leader now. It may be.  
I know  
we have no cause.

America! – Beautiful Nowhere in the hearts of a few  
Periwigged men  
Sitting about a table.

Toll, toll.

Yet toll not.  
Lest to our shame we learn how few to-day  
Would stand in the street and listen.  
Only some lean, half-hearted anarchist  
Who happened to be out ;  
And the children,  
That shout at air-planes.